The CARRYALL

Published Every Friday By The 76th Battalion, Dekachod Unit.
VOL. 1 3 December 1943 NO. 31

SEABEES AND ARMY BATTLE TO DEADLOCK IN THRILLER

The irresistable force met the immovable object on the Seabee softball field Monday afternoon. Chief Wellington's undefeated and untied slam banging Seabees tangled with a hitherto unbeaten company D team from the Army. The Army lost no time in getting underway and was off to a 3 - 0 lead in the early stages of the conflict. Trailing 3 - 0 at the opening of the sixth canto, the local "Dungaree Demons", managed by Chief Wellington, staged an about face and rushed eight markers over the platter before the eyes of the bewildered boys in khaki. Two prodigious circuit clouts by "Alabama" Goswick and "Hawk" Hawkins were the highlights of this uprising. The Army, not to be outdone and aided by a couple of costly miscues, tallied five times in the seventh inning to knot the numbrals at 6 all.

Darkness forced an end to the hostilities for the day amid the wavering shrieks from several hundred hysterical and weakening spectators.

Hewitt, the bronzed portsider, was on the mound for the Seabees with Goswick doing the receiving. The game will be replayed at a later date.

The following day, a large crowd saw the Cats defeat the Marine SRD team in a real thriller.

Talent is Sought For Xmas Pageant

An attempt by Chaplain Urch is being made to present a Xmas pageant here on the Rock. Anyone who can and will assist in this production please contact Chaplain Urch in his office across the street from the Cooper Theater.

The demure young bride, her face a study in winsome innocence, slowly walked down the aisle, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the altar, her dainty little foot brushed a flower pot upsetting it.

She looked at the dirt gravely and said, "That's a hell of a place to put a lily."

Why do people spend money they don't earn, buy things they don't need, to impress people they don't

STAFF

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DIVINE SERVICES
Every Sunday

CATHOLIC		PROTESTANT	
0800	Cooper Chapel	0900	Menge Theater
1000	Menge Theater	1100	Cooper Chapel
(Confessions before each Mass)		1815	Bird Island

"TO THY OWN SELF BE TRUE!"

Occasionally, we discover some penetrating lines in the classics. Such are these from Shakespeare's Hamlet:

HAMLET: "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel?

POLONIUS: "By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed."

HAMLET: "Me thinks it is like a weasel."

POLONIUS: "It is backed like a weasel."

HAMLET: "Or like a whale?"

POLONIUS: "Very like a whale."

How like Polonius, are great numbers of us in the Army! In the very nature of things, we tend to lose our individuality. Yes, in civilian life we had definite principles. But when we came into the Army, we donned the same uniform, we learned to march, fight, work, play and eat alike--------we tended to throw away our personality along with our "civies."

At home we were proud of our good names, yet now that we're in the Army, we throw caution to the four winds. "None of the home folks will ever know," we say as we adopt the habits of our persuasive comrades.

In the Army we rub shoulders with the men that are good, and with a few that are rotten and proud of it. And the latter breed would drag everyone down to their level.

Someone scoffs at our loyalty to one woman, whether wife, or sweetheart, "It isn't Army to have such old fashioned notions; come on soldier, take your pleasure where you find it!" At first we are disgusted, then disgust turns to tolerance, and tolerance to acquiescence. One day we awaken to the sorry realization that we are as low as the worst. The fall is so gradual, so subtle, that we scarcely realize it 'till we land on the bottom with a thud.

This war won't last forever Men. Decency and morality are civilian virtues. We cannot go hog-wild in the Army, and hope to doff the filth when we pack our uniforms in mothballs.

"This above all, TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE!"

Cecil C. Urch, 1st. Lt., A.T.F.
Chaplain and Recreation Officer

A PRAYER FOR OUR NATION

"O eternal God, through whose mighty power our fathers won their liberties of old: Grant, we beseech thee, that we and all the people of this land may have grace to maintain these liberties in righteousness and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(A PRAYER BOOK FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS)

WASTE FAT

My radio keeps saying that
We must not waste a drop of fat,
But pour it in a smooth-edged can
And sell it to our butcher-man.

Perhaps my training's been amiss
But all my life my Ma's taught this
"Don't ever waste that luscious grease
That's rendered from the ducks or geese
Or beef or pork you boil or bake.

You'll find duck grease is fine for cake,
And bacon drippings are the best
To give fried foods a zip and zest.
And even tallow, piping hot,
On warmed up taters, hits the spot."

I must confess, though it's not nice,
And though I look all o'er the place
I cannot find the fat that's waste.
So if I'd help to win this war,
I'll have to learn to waste some more!
(Submitted by George Clem, EM2c)

JOKES

She's the kind who whispers sweet-nothin' goin's in your ear.

GARBE: "Let's teach that dumb blonde the difference between right and wrong."
EADS: "You teach her what's right."

The tough Army sergeant spotted a yardbird leaning against the guardhouse puffing a cigarette. "Can't you read that sign in front of you?" he roared, "It says, NO SMOKING."
The rookie looked at him sadly. "Sergeant," he replied, "If I could read that sign, I'd be in the Navy now."

FULLER: "Remember, Lindy, beauty is only skin deep."
LINDBLAD: "S'deep enough for me. I ain't no cannibal."

NAVY DENTIST (to patient): "I told you not to swallow - that's my last pair of pliers."

"Is your boyfriend broadminded?"
"Yeah, that's all he ever thinks of."

ONLY 22 DAYS UNTIL XMAS

AT THE MOVIES

Fri.--ORCHESTRA WIVES, Glenn Miller's Orchestra, Ann Rutherford.
Sat.--SHE HAS WHAT IT TAKES, Connie Worth, Tom Neal.
Sun.--EDGE OF DARKNESS, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan.
Mon.--ONE DANGEROUS NIGHT, Eric Blore, Warren William.
Tues.--HOW ABOUT IT, Andrews Sisters, Robert Paige.
Wed.--THIS LAND IS MINE, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara.
Thurs.--APACHE TRAIL, Lloyd Nolan, Donna Reed.

THE TRAIL TO TOKIO

Here's a yarn of mighty men
Whose motto is "Can do,"
Of the force that does the building
And is fine at fighting, too;
Of every man jack Seabee
Who wears the navy blue;

Of boys who battled beside the Marines
On Guadal's bloody strand;
Who cleared the field at Munda
So Yankee planes could land;
Who put barracks, shops and hangars
Where jungle used to stand;

Who braved the icy williwaw,
And from the grim Aleutian coast
Carved bases for ships and subs,
When bases were needed most
To slay the Jap off Kiska
And answer Tojo's boast.

Thruout the vast Pacific
The nation's thanks now go
To the navy's construction batts.
As they move against the foe;
As with tool and gun the Seabees blaze
The trail to Tokio!
(Marlinespike)

A CHRISTMAS WISH

Don't send me a cake for Xmas
Or a cable by E. F. M.
Smokes or bon-bons? Dismiss
The thought you had of them.
Don't send me a kit for mending,
Or the late best selling tome,
But, Santa, if you're sending -
Just kindly send me home.

"Compared with other periods of history, the world today is quiet. So quiet, in fact, you can hear a bomb drop."

BUY MORE BONDS

LETTER FROM A MOTHER

Dear Son of mine,

It's been a long time since I've been able to look on your smiling face. No mother is more proud of her son than I am of you. In the United States, our adopted country, your father and I have spent many happy years with our children, and we are proud to call ourselves Americans. It is harder than you know to have you so far from home, but life would not be worth living for you, your wife, and baby, and other families to have to live in a world without freedom. You and many boys like you are fighting for the peace that will make this world a better place to live in. We are all trying in some way to do our part. I have given my two sons, and I'm proud of you both. You are a true American son, and we are all proud of you. May God bless you and all the boys in your outfit. (God bless you and keep you safe.)

Your loving mother and dad.
(Selected)

ODDS A D ENDS

Many thanks to Chief Wallace and all the boys for the wonderful feed on Thanksgiving Day.

Oh, how we do hate to get a nice suit of whites dirty by just boarding a vessel.

The scuttlebutt here is worse than ever before but lack of space will not permit an explanation.

A former chief of ours has a good job up yonder. Guess who?

Many of the fellows wagered good money on unreliable rumors.

BUY MORE BONDS!

"She Asked me where my Home was,— AND it's Omaha"

LADIES FIRST

The members of a hunting party had been specifically requested to bring only male hounds. One indigent member, however, owned only a female, and out of courtesy was finally permitted to include her. The pack was off in a flash. In a matter of seconds they were completely out of sight. The confused hunters stopped to question a farmer in a nearby field, "Did you see some hounds go by here?"

"Yep," said the farmer.

"See where they went?"

"Nope," was the reply, "but it was the first time I ever saw a fox runnin' fifth!"

HEADQUARTERS

Just a few questions -

We wonder what some of the boys in the Cooper Warehouse are so excited about lately? Couldn't be the expected move, could it?

What does K. G. Nelson know about crabs? ($60.00 - Yoi, Yoi. Time we were shoving off fellows.

Who is the champion ear-banger on the Rock? Guess.

We wonder if the Detached Unit of the Detached Unit (Turner, Simpson and Paul) brought any of that red and yellow cloth back from their trip down yonder? (They started out with plenty of it.)

Chief Paul was not the least bit seasick either way yet he almost lost his supper when confronted with a native meal. Imagine our land crabs and not so fresh fish thrown into a small fire and cooked. Then consumed in its entirety. Add to this the smell of a native village augmented by coconuts drying in the sun close by and you will have a fair idea of what he was talking about.

Turner reports that he was a near casualty by injuring his knee and was laid up for four or five days. He also reports that money is apparently of little value there. A four bit fountain pen has a greater trade value than a five dollar bill.

More power to you, Chaplain Urch. We really enjoy your Sunday morning services.

HELP! HELP!

We are still trying to find reporters for company's A and D. So let's have a couple of volunteers fellows to report the company scuttlebutt for A and D.